

# Jansenism



By Shomit Sirohi

# I. Cinematographic Principles

Of a road and rooms  
and Churches with  
Quranic Hyppoliteanism  
– Buddhist tricks of  
Many Types to be an  
Exposition of the Bible  
as in fact Happiness,  
Talking and Reading –  
Like when it becomes  
Abstract, like capital,  
perhaps in Harvey's  
way, which argues for  
the abstraction of the

word capital, like that is capital in India even, it is then working like capital.

## II. Music

A man walks out of Rue, 1 Chanete and makes it to his platform, by locking the door it 4 am in the morning, and is ready to walk to in fact the next lane and walking in his clothes

which are drenched in  
the rain already.

### III. Music

In the Arab quarters in  
Delhi, around 1972, a  
few women are walking  
and talking to Ilaan,  
conversations on in fact  
the process of Quran.  
Ilaan is then working on  
constructions of his  
writings, a long poem.  
In fact it is five in the

morning. A number of old buildings, and also then in another corner of a Arab road, ready in the winter for work, a process of cycles which go by, as Ilaan is in a cheap stationary shop and book store. He is holding a number of papers, and wearing a suit, and drops off the paper with a paper weight at the desk.

## IV. Ionian

In Lorcan truth, a number of women are walking into the road to meet Ilaan, and are dying in Ionianism, that tragic ornamented clothing and perfume, which then is how we are dying, but graced, graced to believe in this architectural fragment. Old roads, eternal.

## V. In Paris, a Number of Old Lanes, 1974

In fact then Philippe is meeting Alain, and it is then a long tragic poem, about the life being so miserable. He is also happy, and explains the movements of St. Pascal – a spectre, and fragment in this street, writing on a thesis. Running people go past.

A Brumiare. A  
motorcycle goes past as  
well.

Part II.

I. In an Organic  
Hyppolitean Room,  
In a Spandrel of a  
Guest House in  
Northern Delhi, a  
Quranic Road



Ilaan meets the women,  
as in fact as well  
Belano, to understand  
faith in the Quran, a  
long poem -

“Perhaps, the whole  
music,

Ilaanian,

Ionian,

Contemporary,

And Historically  
Formed,

Organic Streets,

With their history of the  
future,

In a tragic vision,

Is about faith,

That poems,

Will be Christian,

Perhaps Quranic,

Even Jewish,

That all this is,

Take off your clothes,  
Ilaan says to her.”

## II. Tragic Visions

In fact economics is part  
of sociology – and can  
be a tragic vision – that

in fact it will be again  
historical truths of the  
Bible that we follow  
instead of economics or  
sociology alone -

Many women are  
laughing as in fact Ilaan  
reads out the Jansenist  
sections of the Bible - it  
is about these  
fragments and poems  
which become about a  
set of novels which then  
go from Madrid to  
perhaps Delhi, and even

Paris, and is Biblical –  
you see, like a thick set  
of themes on History in  
fact.

It can be poetic, the  
Bible. A man and many  
women, living long  
years, eternally in fact,  
as readers of this page  
adornment, which is  
complexly adorned and  
is like in fact doors,  
roofs and old  
Hyppoliteanism – which  
then is arched guest

houses and cheap bread  
and egg for breakfast at  
a cheap university, and  
drinking there which is  
also morning drinks,  
and college life. Where  
we met, each other for  
class and one day, we  
died, did we – no, we  
were reading the Bible,  
illuminating it.

## Part III

I. Working in a  
Monastery, Waiting  
at the Office, a Young  
Man walks to meet  
the Pope, Nobody  
Cares about the  
Divine Pascal, he  
says, it can be  
written in Poems of  
Modern Pensee

“I misread the Bible for  
fate.

Yesterday two women  
teachers were found

murdered. They were all  
in fact about the tragic  
vision of school and  
college life.

For telling teenagers  
falling in love is normal,  
that they're allowed to.

It's a 17-year-old girl,  
Quranic and wearing  
formals,  
who tipped off the  
Prophetic teacher for  
his sexual poetry.”



The Pope waits at his house as Reverend is supposed to get him in, they are talking as it were on the phone, “We're as sad as you are.

What do you know?

This is a country.

Besides being sad,

I'm tired of not seeing  
people read the Bible in  
its expanse and  
historical themes which  
also mean simple base  
and superstructure in  
Iran where the cars are  
old and requires a  
special living life.

In fact then another  
priest is walking  
towards the house. I am  
definitvely about Algeria  
again.

And despite what you think, I blame French colonisation. That organised plundering.

For you.

II. Biblical Imagery – A  
Pensee is Cars going  
By and a Modern  
Revolutionary who is  
always going out and  
getting home in  
organised Biblical

reference to works of  
fiction

They mean business.  
They're giving you  
orders. No one other  
than ourselves can  
decide that we must  
leave. In fact then the  
process of business then  
and news and all that is  
with in fact culture, that  
whole wealth of culture,  
which amounts to cheap  
bucket shops and cheap  
shops around but is

business like they know business. But in fact it is also about Biblical conceptualism – something like a conceptual order being marked in the Bible – like Conceptual Reason in an organon – women are swimming and men are in fact walking to university, and Church life.

I'd have been surprised.

Really surprised.

Your stubbornness is in fact adamant on the Hebrew writings with that Alenette – people wish it was militant that method.

Look at all these people. They're at home here. They all wish they could remember the Bible. They have no choice, no money. It's not cowardly

to want to leave Paris.  
It's about being free.

DJELFA

Many Ilaanian monks  
are talking about  
leaving the European  
countries and even the  
Ciclerean monks  
housing. It was all about  
in fact, leaving that in a  
way the men got ready  
in the morning in 1988  
now that many years  
passed by speaking and

talking and working in fact that they passed by the houses in a close-up and walked past the houses after years of labour in the cheap sense of the Champs which then was also in fact in the Rue, College which became cheap labouring publishing house work which finally meant a ride to the police office for a disagreement on the



Parish and passport  
logic.

Sooner or later, it'll be  
you.

No one can control  
what's going on these  
days.

You'll end up becoming  
just another person on  
the street no matter  
what Ilaan says then  
who is himself given to

labour in a labouring  
world.

Your sacrifice will  
eventually be exploited.

I've known you for  
years.  
I have respect for you.

And for what your  
community has done.

Please, go back to  
France.

Did your Peugeot car  
break down?

Is any of you a  
mechanic?

If you know how to fix  
it, be my guest.

Should I try?

- Should I try?
- Is it in speed?

You're in acceleration?  
Go on, try.

Will the village  
need the Pope to  
protect it?

Because they'll be back  
someday.

Forget the Coriolanus!

It's a disaster.

Fidel Castro won't  
come.

The protection is you.

This village grew up  
with the monastery.

Who was that priest,  
before?

A while back, before the  
w\*r.

Brother Bernard?

Another one. Old.

Brother Daniel.

That's him.

Brother Daniel.

He told my mother not  
to stay here.

Move to a city.  
There was no more  
work here.

She made him swear  
to say nothing to my  
father.

Because my mother,

she feels good living  
here.

Comfortable.

We may be leaving.

Why are you leaving?

We're like birds on a  
branch.

We don't know if we'll  
leave.

We're the birds.

You're the branch.

If you go, we lose our footing.

Forgive us our trespasses

as we forgive those

who trespass against us,

and lead us not into temptation



but deliver us from evil.

Let us bless the Lord

We render thanks unto  
Him

So you want to leave?

I was thinking that.

I wonder what my life  
would be.

Your family, in France?

They're worried?

I'm not sure they realise  
what's going on here.

I haven't said anything.

The last time I saw  
them,  
it was strange.

What do you mean?

We celebrated my  
mum's birthday  
at a restaurant.

## Part III Passages in an Old Biblical Street

Mass demonstrations in the arched logics of the 2020 period finally after years of reading and writing. Ilaan became a philosopher and poet, and was in fact working on old cars and mechanic works, and was even in Paris for a year reading and

writing pamphlets for  
the PCF.

I saw everyone.

Many people were  
there,

nephews, nieces, my  
goddaughter.

Everyone was talking,  
telling stories.

Taking pictures.

They know that's not my thing.

I was there, listening. I was happy.

They put me next to my mum.

And at the same time...

...I was totally out of it.

I was thinking...

...if I stopped  
everything, if...

I could move back  
home.

Get back to work,  
plumbing.

Town council,

fire department, chorus.

Then I thought,  
"No, that's not  
possible."

My life's over there.

Here. With you.

## Part IV - Insurrection

In fact then a long demonstration of Philosophy taking place everywhere in the Paris district and living quarters. Philosophers talking loudly and wildly with Fidel that even in

Delhi at the working class living cheap bastis where there was in fact in the University a mass protests which was a large mass demonstration of poor students and workers together. A large protest of working class in fact gathered and students gathered.

In Paris of course.



Christian's teaching  
today  
was interesting.

Don't you think?

Did you understand  
anything?

f\*ck off!

Okay.

Just tired. Not his fault.

"There was a time

when a French toe-punt  
was crummy

"and its Irish equivalent  
a mere display of  
folklore.

"When these damned  
men didn't know  
what to do with their  
ten digits,

"but were great at  
bending the rulesm to  
piss everyone off."

Is that all?

"Even though we agree  
with Mr Break-Neck

"that our amiable guests

"never closed the game  
out,

"we still wonder  
whether they prefer,  
deep down,

"Back when players

still cared about not  
being

"old men."

### III. In Church a Sermon and Psalm

In fact in a long  
philosophical lecture  
the Bible is then  
understood – to be a  
Pensee, just the daily  
life of philosophers and  
all its musical syntax  
and all that is called

profound is then as cars  
go by in Iran.

A little more.

Help me, help me.

Don't abandon me.

Don't abandon me.  
Please.

Help me.

Not very pretty. It got  
miserabl in France.

Tell him I'll be giving  
him two drinks.

He's in pain. He needs  
medicine.

You'll be fine.

Glory be to the Father,  
and the Son and the  
Holy Spirit

Save us, Lord

Whilst we watch

Keep us, Lord

Whilst we sleep

And we shall watch with  
Christ

And we shall rest in  
peace

I'm worn out.

Part IV A Long Sermon

We found a wounded  
man  
on the ground.

His friends ditched him.

He talked about his  
mother.

Said his name was  
Fayattia.

My men let him suffer.

He died



before we could make  
him our trophy.

How can you be sure it's  
him?

Why do you think I  
asked you here?

So?

It's him.

Get out. Go on.

Outside.

I sleep badly.

The slightest noise  
wakes me.

I think over my life.

My choices.

As a kid I wanted to be  
a missionary.

Dying for my faith  
shouldn't keep me up  
nights.

Dying here,  
here and now,

does it serve a purpose?

I don't know.

I feel like I'm going  
mad.

It's true that staying  
here...

...is as mad as becoming  
a monk.

Remember.

You've already given  
your life.

You gave it by following  
Christ.

When you decided to  
leave everything.

Your life,  
your family, your  
country.

The family you could  
have raised.

I don't know if it's true  
anymore.

I pray.

And I hear nothing.

I don't get it.

Why be martyrs?

For God?

To be heroes?

To prove we're the best?

We're martyrs out of  
love,  
out of fidelity.

If death...

...overtakes us, despite  
ourselves. We will still  
live for free.

# Part V. Pascalian Language

Our mission here  
is to be brothers to all.

Remember that love  
is eternal hope.

Love endures  
everything.

I'm sorry.  
Heavy downpours of  
rain

have put no damper  
on the spread of  
violence. A number of  
poets are in fact  
walking in a cheap  
college and talking  
about long books and  
Bibles.

Two opponents, one  
clutching onto power,  
the other out to seize it.

They'll fight to the  
bitter. I don't know



when or how it will be  
dying then.

In the meantime, I do  
my duty...

Caring for the poor and  
the sick, awaiting the  
day I free myself with  
them. Morning bread  
and political speeches.

I. The Rue is then the  
Bible

Dear friend,

pray for me, that my  
leaving Paris is then  
because of a revolt in  
India

will in the peace and joy  
of Jesus.

O Father

With the radiance of  
your face

The shadows, for you

Are not shadows

For you, night

Is as clear as day

May our prayers before  
you

Rise like incense

And our hands like the  
evening offering

Welcome, Bruno.

Celestin.

Christophe.

Hello, Luc.

Jean-Pierre.

Amedee.

- Hosts.

- For me.

For us.

For us all.

Medicine.

For Luc.

Lots of medicine.

- You found it?
- I found your book.

Is it the right one?

"The Chosen".

Cheese!

Any news of Brother  
Didier?

Of course he said to say  
hello.

And I have a letter for  
you.

So how was your trip?  
How long was it?

It took a while  
to come from the  
diocese.

At least three hours. Of a long reading of the Bible each day, and the Quran and all the writings on ellipses and all that utopianism in it which is about the people running and getting off the car and walking into Iran, and smoking cigarettes at the process of Bible.

there was a riot going off in the working class quarters of the stone

pelting workers, bus  
burning on the  
roadside.

Smoke coming out of it.

And we didn't know  
if the jokes they were  
singing were real or  
funny.

On the way here,

as we got closer,  
there were fewer  
vehicles.



We celebrated  
the Christmas Vigil and  
Mass.

It's what we had to do.

It's what we did.

And we sang the Mass.

We welcomed that child  
who was born for us...

...absolutely helpless  
and...

...and already so  
threatened.

Afterwards,

we found salvation  
in undertaking our daily  
tasks.

The kitchen, the garden,  
the prayers, the bells.

Day after day.

We had to resist the  
violence of the process  
of inspiration.

And day after day, I...

I think each of us  
discovered

that to which Jesus  
Christ  
beckons us.

It's...

...to be born.

Our identities as men  
go from one birth to  
another.

We are in fact a poetic  
bunch who are walking  
around and reading the  
Bible, many women are  
in Church and singing  
the choir.